

and listening to the movements you could not understand.

"And then the old man switched on the lights.

"There were thousands of them out there. They were ranged up from the roadway to the house in two deep columns. Their heads were all bare and bowed. And there was not a movement among them, nor a sound, save at the far end of the columns, where half a dozen carried something white.

"Why, Guernsey," cried Marwell, "they've come to give in!"

"But they hadn't. They just stood there in silence, while that slow procession in white advanced down the middle.

"Marwell stepped forward and raised his rifle.

"I give you one minute to disperse," he said, and stood waiting.

"They never paid any attention to him. And the procession still came on through the men and women with bowed, bare heads.

"Marwell raised his rifle. I hugged mine to me, watching him, waiting to see the streak of flame that meant blood and murder leap from his hands.

"And as I watched, a slow change came over his face. His mouth hung pendulous; his great, bulldog jaw dropped slackly; his eyes stared; his threatening rifle fell clatteringly to the ground.

"I turned, and understood.

"The white thing was a litter. And on the litter, all smothered in flowers, lay Nellie Marwell, and her face was white and cold, save only where a splash of red marred the forehead. She was dead.

"Marwell staggered back. The pallbearers laid their burden of death at his feet, and the thousands melted away toward the city, singing the Internationale, slowly and heavily.

"Nellie Marwell had been shot and killed by a policeman obeying the orders of her father."

There was silence for a minute. Then Emilio spoke, and his voice was cold.

"Well?" he said.

Guernsey rose from his chair and stretched himself.

"You know the long vacations Marwell takes so often?" he asked.

We nodded.

"He takes them in a padded cell," said Guernsey, and walked out.

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"Daring road work."